

Grand Opening of Fall and Winter Goods at M. M. Knight's,

STOWE STREET, WATERBURY, VT.

We can now show the largest line of Fall and Winter Goods ever exhibited in this section. Our

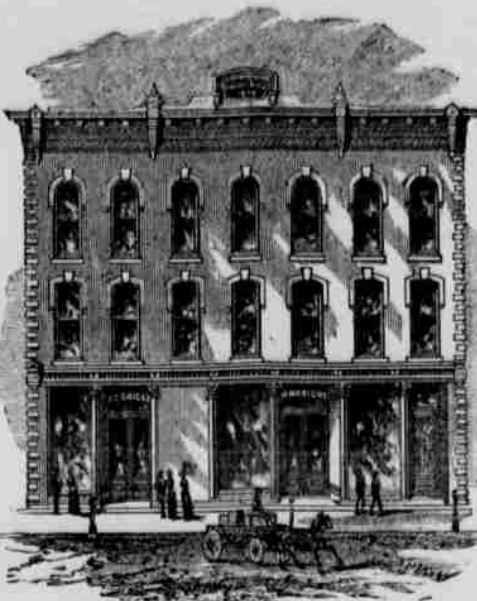
DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT!

is full of all the new styles and fabrics of the season. Elegant Brocade Velvets in all the popular colors, and a very full line of the celebrated Nonpareil Velveteens. We are also throwing out

Some Drives in BLACK SILKS!

Prices—\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00. They are as good value as can be found in New York or Boston markets.

We Cannot Mention All the Lines of Goods We are now Offering, but Would Simply Invite All to Come and Examine Them!



We have one of the largest assortments ever shown in Northern Vermont now on exhibition in

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT!

including all the new and elegant styles made this season in Ladies', Children's and Misses' Cloaks, and ranging in prices from four dollars to fifty dollars each.

Ladies Desiring a First-Class Garment

either for themselves or children, should not fail to examine the goods in this department before purchasing.

For the Children.

CAT'S CRADLE.

"It's criss-cross high, and it's criss-cross flat; Then four straight lines for the pussy cat; Then criss-cross under; ah, now there'll be A nice deep cradle, dear Grandpa! See!

"Now change again, and it's flat once more— A lattice-window! But where's the door? Why, change once more, and holding it out, We can have a very good door, you know.

"Now over, now under, now pull it tight; See-saw, Grandpa!—exactly right! So prattled the little one, Grandfather's pet, As daffily she wrought. "See, now it's a net!

"But where did you learn cat's-cradle so well?" She suddenly asked, and he could not tell. He could not tell, for his heart was sore, As he gravely said, "I have played it before!"

What could the sweet little maiden know Of beautiful summers long ago? Of the merry sports, and the games he played, When "Mamma" herself was a little maid?

What could she know of the thoughts that ran Through the weary brain of the world-worn man? But she knew, when she kissed him, dear Grandpa smiled, And that was enough for the happy child.

—M. M. D., in St. Nicholas for December.

In a Tight Fix.

It was the beginning of a summer vacation and a windy day. If it had not been a windy day probably the events to be related would not have occurred; for it was the wind that upset a wooden dummy in front of Ketchum Brothers' clothing store; and it was this catastrophe that gave Tom Williams a new idea. He was leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street considering how he ought to spend his vacation and wishing he owned a bicycle; when he saw the dummy fall, besmearing the suit of clothes on it with dust, this thought popped into his head that he might ask the proprietors of the store to hire him to take the dummy's place. He would do it for small wages and keep the clothes that were exhibited from getting soiled. The money he earned would buy him a bicycle perhaps.

In less than a half-hour after this idea had taken possession of Tom's head he was standing between two other dummies, wire ones, behind the plate-glass of Ketchum Brothers' attractive window with a placard on him which bore the legend, "This nobby suit \$12." The affair had been arranged so easily, the manager of the store had struck a bargain with him so good-humoredly, and he had been boosted up before the window so speedily that his wits were rather confused. He had intended to stand out-of-doors, where there was plenty of room; but the manager preferred to put him in the window. When the people on the sidewalk began to linger at the window and stare at him he was rather glad that he was inside. Somebody might come along who knew him, he reflected; and—the thought startled him—his big brother John might spy him out. He meant to turn his back instantly if he saw any one he knew looking in.

But no one looked in whom Tom ever saw before. All that day and the next only strangers appeared at the window. And on the third day of the undertaking the manager of the store took a fancy to dress him in girl's clothes. In this disguise his own mother would not have guessed who he was. So he soon became careless of his secret and stared recklessly at everybody. A great many glanced in at the clothes on the dummies, and at the display in general; little girls in particular, with their mamma, stopped to admire his dress; and boys now and then took the liberty to wink at him or make faces.

Everything would have gone on all right, and Tom would probably have earned the money for a bicycle, if he had not committed a slight indiscretion. It happened that he had not been arrayed in girl's clothes a great while when a boy named Seth Cropper came along, and halted before the window. At sight of him Tom immediately became excited. Seth had borrowed his jack-knife—a first-rate one, with five blades—when they went to school together nearly a year before, and had carried it off with him. He had never seen him since, and he might never see him again. In fact, without stopping to think definitely what he was doing, he stepped down from the window, dodged behind a pile of clothing on a counter, and then the next moment stole out of the wide, open door near at hand. He saw Seth sauntering down the avenue half a block away, and hurried after him. "Look here, Seth, and stopper," he said, seizing him by the arm and trying to recover his breath. "I've been looking for you this long while. I want that knife of mine you've got."

Seth turned red and looked puzzled. "Who are you? I haven't got any knife of yours. Let go of my jacket!" he said, rather savagely.

"I'll let go of you when you give me my knife and not before," Tom answered, tightening his grip. "You know well enough who I am, I guess."

Several persons passing along stopped to find out what the trouble was. In a minute there was quite a crowd, and a policeman across the way began to move leisurely in their direction.

"He has got my knife," Tom explained, beginning to grow confused and a trifle scared, but still clinging to Seth. "No I haven't got your knife, nor anybody's!" Seth declared, trying to break away. "I never laid eyes on you before."

"For shame! Give the little girl her knife!" said somebody in the crowd. "Yes, give her her knife," exclaimed together two or three sympathetic observers. "Here! What's all this rumpus?" the policeman asked, pushing his way toward Tom and Seth. "Come now; move on, all of you!"

Tom had let go of Seth the instant he heard himself called a little girl; and he now slunk away in a hurry. He had been so excited that he had been quite unmindful of the clothes he had on, and it surprised him a good deal to be spoken of as a little girl. He could feel the blood tingling to the very roots of his hair, while he hastened back to the store and imagined that every one who looked at him saw that he was in disguise.

But how could he get back to the store without being discovered by the manager? This perplexity was what soon began to trouble him more than anything else. He tried to pluck up courage to walk in boldly and take up his place again but he hesitated foolishly. He crossed the street and spent several moments watching the store door in hopes that he might see a chance to rush over and re-instate himself. Unluckily, however, the manager or one of his assistants continued in plain sight all the time.

After waiting and watching a long while Tom began to grow tired and hungry. It was noon; and he wanted the luncheon he had put away in a closet in the store. He was beginning to regret that he had ever undertaken to be a dummy and to wish that he had not kept the affair at home quite so much of a secret. He had told his mother that he was earning a bicycle by working in Ketchum Brothers' store, which was only a short distance from his house; but he took care not to tell her that he was a dummy. To go home in girl's clothes, therefore, was quite out of the question. He was, in fact, in a tight fix; and the only place he could think of where he could go was a large park at the head of the avenue. By the time he got to it he was "a pretty well used up," to quote his own words.

"Oh, there's a girl over there by the tree!" somebody shouted just as he sat down, evidently meaning him. "Ask her if she won't play," cried another.

Tom turned round and saw two girls running across the playground toward him. Three others were waiting in the distance.

"What one play croquet with us?" asked one of the girls as soon as she reached him. "We want another to make up the couples. We'd like to have you play ever so much."

Tom blushed, and his first impulse was to say, "All right; I'll take a hand if you like"; but he checked himself. It wouldn't do for a girl to talk like that. So he said in a low voice: "Thank you. Yes, I will play."

"That's ever so kind," said the one who had invited him. "My name is Nellie Andrews; and my friend's is Annie Hyde. What is your name, please, so I can introduce you to the other girls?"

"It's a homely name, and I'd rather not tell it," Tom answered modestly. "You can call me Bella Williams, though, if you like."

Nellie and Annie looked at each other slyly, and led Tom over to the other girls. "She'll play," said Nellie, hurriedly. "Her name's Bella Williams."

In his confusion Tom did not hear the name of these girls. All his wits were employed wondering what would happen if any of them should discover that he was not a girl.

He played with them all the afternoon, however, without being found out, and he was sorry when the sun began to set and they went home; for he again felt a prey to harassing thoughts and was left alone with his hunger. Then it grew dark and he walked slowly towards home, deciding as he went along that he would venture into his aunt's house, which was across the street from his own home, and there reveal his predicament. But after he arrived in front of the house he walked back and forth several minutes; and while he stood hesitating, a lady passed, who, he saw, was his aunt. She looked at him curiously over his shoulder, then turned and came back.

"Is there anything the matter, little girl?" she asked. "Have you lost your way, or are you waiting for some one?"

It was a tremendous moment for him, and his thoughts spun like a whirlwind. He felt so ridiculous that he was ashamed to tell her at once the fix he was in; and he knew that if he spoke she would know his voice. So on the spur of the moment he made deaf and dumb signs.

"Poor little thing!" said his aunt, taking him by the hand and walking to her door.

"He has got my knife," Tom explained, beginning to grow confused and a trifle scared, but still clinging to Seth. "No I haven't got your knife, nor anybody's!" Seth declared, trying to break away. "I never laid eyes on you before."

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"Poor little thing!" said his aunt, taking him by the hand and walking to her door.

When they were inside the house she led him through the dim-lit hall and downstairs to the kitchen.

"Here's a little deaf and dumb girl,"

He was coming down to see about the water pipes; but he might take a notion to look into the coal vault. Tom wished he could bury himself in the coal; but there was not coal enough in the vault to bury him. He saw, though, that he might unfasten the chain which held the cover over the hole where the coal was shoveled in out-of-doors, and then, perhaps, he could crawl up to the tunnel and lift the cover off with his head.

That was the way he escaped. As he poked his head through the coal hole and hauled himself out into the front yard he saw Maria, who was just opening the gate, jump up about three feet, scream, and then scamper across the street as fast as she could go. But she dropped a bundle which Tom soon found was his precious clothes. He went into the area under the front steps and hustled them on in a jiffy. He had never been in such a tight fix in his life, nor never quite so famished. No more dummy business for him, he determined, as he rushed over home. Yet he breathed a sigh for the bicycle he had failed to earn.—B. F. Stamford, in Independent.

New Advertisements.

In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should be liquor alone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head depend the safety of life and property. As an unpiloted ship, bottles remaining on the wheel as he said, Mr. A. Brockman of 29½ Street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and best pay. Yow, the work and exposure sometimes tells on us; but for my part I find Parker's Tonic to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to break off. (No, that isn't a light-hokey; it's a star low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag-staff? Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invigorant when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER Tonic, will be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S Tonic. As unpiloted ships, bottles remaining on the wheel as he said, Mr. A. Brockman of 29½ Street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and best pay. Yow, the work and exposure sometimes tells on us; but for my part I find Parker's Tonic to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to break off. (No, that isn't a light-hokey; it's a star low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag-staff? Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invigorant when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

DISEASE CURED

Without Medicine.

A Valuable Discovery for Supplying Magnetism to the Human System. Electric and Magnetic Fluid as Never Before.

FOR HEALING THE SICK.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO.'S

Magnetic Kidney Belt

FOR MEN IS

WARRANTED TO CURE, OR THE MONEY REFUNDED.

Following are the names of the most prominent medical men in the United States who have used the Magneton Appliance Co.'s Magnetic Kidney Belt, and who have given their names as a recommendation of its value.

TO THE LADIES! If you are afflicted with Leucorrhoea, or any of the diseases of the female system, such as Pains in the Back, Head, or Limbs, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LUNGEON, GENERAL DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, DYSMENSTRUA, PAINFUL PERIODS, etc., etc., the Magneton Appliance Co.'s Magnetic Kidney Belt is the best remedy for all these ailments, and should be taken at once.

For all forms of Female Debility it is unsurpassed by any other remedy, and is a valuable agent and a source of power and vitalization.

Price of Belt with Magneton Appliance, \$10, sent by express C. O. D., and examination allowed, or by mail on receipt of price. In order to send measure of waist and size of shoe. Remittance can be made in advance, or on receipt of price. In order to send measure of waist and size of shoe. Remittance can be made in advance, or on receipt of price.

Send stamp for the "New Departure in Medical Treatment Without Medicine," with thousands of testimonials.

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 215 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTE.—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk), with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magnetic Kidney Belt, and we will refund the money if you do not like it. Positively no cold fees when they are worn, or money refunded.

SHARP PAINS

Cramps, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Backache, Heart Disease, Stomachic, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or general, are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known Hop Plaster. Composed, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus, and other potent ingredients, stimulating, soothing and strengthening. Hop Plaster ever made. Hop Plaster is sold by all druggists and country stores.

25 cents or five for \$1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

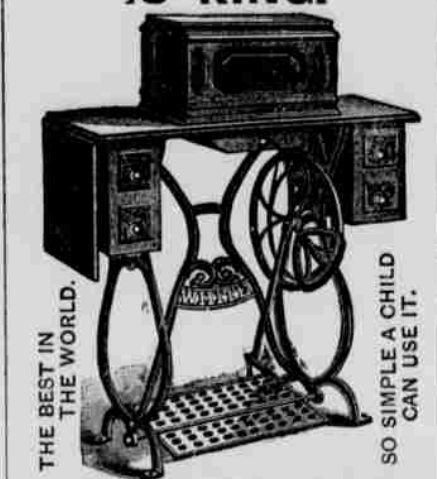
HOP PLASTER

Coated tongue, bad breath, sore stomach and liver disease cured by Hop Plaster and Liver Pills, etc.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 45 cents free. Address H. BAKER & Co., Portland, Me.

New Advertisements.

THE WHITE IS KING.



THE WHITE

Stands acknowledged the King of Sewing Machines.

It has the only perfect AUTOMATIC BOBBIN WINDER ever made, winding every bobbin as smooth as a spool of silk. It has the best EMBROIDERER in the world. It will do the widest range of work, and is the LIGHTEST RUNNING machine in the market. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. CLARK & FREEMAN, 163 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

The White machines are sold in Waterbury, Duxbury, Waltham, Melrose, Stone, Bolton and Faxon by J. C. GRIGGS, Waterbury, VT. All letters of inquiry in regard to the White will receive prompt attention. A good assortment of machines constantly on hand at my store. J. C. GRIGGS.

PATENTS!

R. H. EDDY,

No. 76 State St., opposite Kilby, Boston.

Secures Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries. Copies of the claims of any Patent furnished by returning one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington. No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents or ascertaining the patentability of inventions.

R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."

"CHAS. MASON, Commissioner of Patents."

"Inventors cannot employ a person more trustworthy and more capable of securing for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office."

"EDMUND BURKE, late Commissioner of Patents."

"Boston, October 19, 1870."

"R. H. Eddy, Esq.: Dear Sir—You prepared for me, in 1849, my first patent. Since then you have acted for and advised me in hundreds of cases and procured many patents, reissues and extensions. I have constantly employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPEL."

Boston, January 1, 1882.

THE GREAT CHINA TEA COMPANY,

210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

and we will mail you our CLUB BOOK containing a PRICE LIST of our TEAS and COFFEES and a List of our Premiums.

Mail Lettings.

Notice to Contractors!

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, } WASHINGTON, D. C., October 18, 1882.

Proposals will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until three P. M., of January 5, 1884, for carrying the mails of the United States upon the routes, and according to the schedule of arrival and departure specified by the Department, in the State of Vermont from July 1, 1884, to June 30, 1885. Lists of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders, with forms for contracts and bonds, and all other necessary information will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster General.

19-24 W. Q. GRESHAM, Postmaster General.

Washington County!

Don't forget the old sign on State street, opposite the Court House called

THE BISHOP HOTEL!

Where you can get a good square meal and four quarters of new house for fifty cents. No rent to pay and doing business on hard-pan prices. One and all give us a call, and you will save enough to buy your wife a new shawl. H. FALES.

YOUR NAME WILL BE NEATLY printed on FIFTY Union Cards, and sent post-paid for only four 3-cent stamps; six pence (one cent) stamps. UNION CARD CO., Montpelier, VT.

Advertisements.

A. C. BROWN'S Insurance Agency,

MONTPELIER, VT.

Capital Represented, \$150,000,000.

In these days of doubt and uncertainty in business, especially in the standing and solvency of Fire and Life Insurance Companies, the attention of insurers is respectfully called to the following list of reliable and substantial Companies represented in this Agency.

Life Company.

Connecticut Mut. Life Ins. Co.

OF HARTFORD.

A. O. BROWN, General Agent for Vermont. Thirty-fifth Annual Statement. Assets, December 31, 1880, - - - - - \$49,402,629 25 Surplus, - - - - - 2,801,156 45 Ratio of expense of management to receipts, 7.7 per cent.

Fire Companies.

Northern Insurance Company

OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1836. - - - Assets, \$25,225,000.

Imperial Fire Ins. Company

OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1803. - - - Assets, \$12,370,000.

Phoenix Assurance Company

OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1782. - - - Assets, \$5,107,128.

First National Fire Ins. Co.

OF WORCESTER, MASS., Organized in 1868. - - - Assets, \$300,000.

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Comp'y

OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1825. - - - Assets, 1,500,000.

Philadelphia Fire Association

OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1820. - - - Assets, \$4,000,000.

Insurance Co. of State of Penn.

OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1794. - - - Assets, \$650,000.

New York City Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK, Organized in 1872. - - - Assets, \$425,000.

The Royal Insurance Comp'y

OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1845. - - - Assets, \$20,000,000.

London & Lancashire Ins. Co.

OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1861. - - - Assets, \$7,500,000.